Hew Publications

NEW BOOKS.

A gap in the history of our Pacific coast is filled by the volume entitled Mercus Whitmen and the Barky Days of Oregon by WILLIAM A. Mower (Silver, Burdett & Oo). Even these who have made a careful study of the carly settlements in the Oregon country and of our controversy with Great Britain concerning it have failed to appreciate the carvices of the subject of this memoir. As a master of fact, it was the missionary. Marque eservices of the subject of this memoir. As a matter of fact, it was the missionary, Marous Whitman, who, braving the cold and the mere of the Rocky Mountains, crossed the confinent on horseback to warn the Federal Government at Washington of the necessity of prompt action, if British designs were to be thwarted. Nor was this the only outcome of his journey. He encouraged the hardy pleasact of the frontier to emigrate to Oregon, asserting them that they could carry their wagons and their families through to the Columbia River, insermed as he had gone thither himself with his wife and his wagon. The timeliness and importance of these assurances will be evident, if we recall that in 1843-45, when they were given, the controversy bewill be evident if we recall that in 1843-45, when they were given, the controversy between Great Britain and the United States with respect to Oregon had reached a heated stage, although among American statement the feeling was widespread that the Oregon country would be united to the United States, When Whitman reached Washington, he found Duniel Webster, then Secretary of State, impressed with the idea that Oregon would prove worthies to us on account of the impassable character of the intervening mountains. The missionary could not well avoid the inference that Lord Ashburton, Sir George Simpson and other champions of the George Simpson and other champions of the British cause had indestrinated our leading men with the notion that the Rocky Mounsine could not be crossed by wagons, and that, as Oregon, consequently, could not be peopled from the States, its value to this whitman obtained an interview with President Tyler, and, alt with the latter held the same views regarding Oregon that Webto promise that, if Whenan could establish wagon route through the mountains to the Columbia River, he would use his influence to retain the whole of the region to which

the name Oregon was then applied.

The author of this memoir does not assert that Whitman was the sole cause of the great westward movement which took place in 1843. It is conceded that, on his return journey, Whitman was probably surprised to find so many people going to Oregon. A large amount of evidence relating to the earlier pioneers, however, is here brought forward to show how considerable a part Whitman took in promoting the emigration. It was mainly he who, on his eastward journey through Texas, eastern Kansas and the entire breadth of Missouri, dispelled the belief previously prevalent that the great Rocky Mountain range and the Blue Mountains were insurmountable by wagons. The facts justify the statement made by Whitman imself in a letter to the Rev. David Greene: Two things were accomplished by my return to the United States. By the establishment nigration was saved from disaster in 1843. Upon that event hung the present rights of the United States, acquired by her citizens; and not less certainly upon the result of immigration to this country [Oregon] the existence of this mission and of Protesthe existence of this initial and of Protestantism in general, hung also." Immediately on his arrival in Oregon, Nov. 1, 1845, he wrote as follows: "Great inconvenience and expense have been incurred by my absence, ret I do not regret having visited the States, for I feel that this country must either be American or foreign and mostly Papal, if I never do more than to have established the first wagen read to the Columbia River, and prevented the disaster and reaction which emigration, I am satisfied." We take one more extract this time from a letter to the Secretary of War, penned by Dr. Whit-

the Columbia River. He says: "The Gov-ernment will new doubtless for the first time be apprised through you, by means of this communication, of the immense migration of families to Oregon which has taken place this year fisast. I have, since our interview, been instrumental in piloting across the route described in the accompanying bill, which is the only eligible wagon road, no less than three hundred families, consisting of one thousand persons of both sexes, with their wagons amounting in all to more than one hundred and twenty, six hundred and ninety-four oxen and seven hundred and seventy-three loose cattle." When these emigrants arrived, the Americans constituted a majority of the white inhabitants of Oregon. Thenceforth the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company was decidedly changed. The courtesy and urbanity wheh had characterized its officers, when a majority of the settlers had upheld British authority, now vanished, and in their place appeared a studied reticence and gradual withdrawal from participation in whatever might promote American interests. The alienation between the American emigrants and the Hudson's Bay officials eventually became complete, and resulted in the entire withdrawal of the latter from the Oregon country. Their departure, however, did not take place until long after the final settlement between this country and Great Britain of all questions

concerning Oregon, Marcus Whitman was one of the victims of the massacre perpetrated by the Indians during the eight days from Nov. 29 to Dec. 6, 1847, at the Waillatpu Station. It seems that the Indians throughout Oregon had been much disturbed long before the massacre took place. While Dr. Whitman was on his eastward journey, the report was circulated among the Indians that he was to return with emigrants who would take all their lands from them. On reaching his home Dr. Whitman found that his flour mill, together with a quantity of grain, had been burned by disaffected natives. From year to year the disaffection became more widespread and more patent. There was a rumor among the Indians that Dr. Whitman was poisoning them, and the most incredible stories concerning him were current. It was a coincidence that at this time the Indians suffered from contagious diseases, such as measles. In the autumn of 1847 Dr. Whitman learned that a plot for the murder of the missionaries was nearly completed. On the day when the massacre began, the victims were devoting themselves to the relief of the Indians who had been attacked by an epidemic malady then prevalent. Foureen persons, including Dr. Whitman and his wife, were killed; nearly all the rest were taken prisoners, and the women were subected to horrible brutalities. Dr. Whitman himself was the first to fall, a tomahawk being twice driven into his head, and his face backed in the most savage fashion. bodies of the victims were buried in one large grave near where Whitman had long lived and labored among the natives. Fifty years later a tomb and a granite shaft, dedi cated to the reputed saviour of Oregon and his fellow martyrs, were erected on the spot by the citizens of Walla Walla. Whitman's most enduring monument, however, is the growth of the two States composing what was formerly the Territory of Oregon. The population of the State of Oregon is not five times, and that of the State of Washington ten times what it was twenty-five more than three times what it was in 1875. What the population of our Pacific coast will be a century hence is almost beyond conecture. What the absolute and relative mportance, political and commercial, of

There Is No Investment more safe than real estate. Every one interested in Westchester county or the borough of Bronz will find an article of general interest in Sunday's SUN. July 21.—Ade.

that distant section of our commonwealth will be in the year 2000 no one would venture

M. O'Rell Talks About Woman Max O'Rell once wrote an amusing book As sub-master in an English public school he secumulated a lot of information about connulated from the snube and rudeness to which he was subjected because he was foreigner a store of addity that made his "John Bull" very good reading. He next tried his hand at the United States, but there his opportunities for observation were not so good; he saw things only as any traveller sees them, and therefore Jonathan

was not so good. He has been lecturing since and has been made much of by literary societies and women's clubs, and has come to have a pretty good opinion of himself. Self-confidence he does not lack, c'est in conmoindre difaut, and he now boldly rushed in where most men would fear to tread and tackles Woman or as he calle her "The Eternal Feminine." He doe: this in both English and French under the title "Her Boyal Highnote Weman," (The Abbey Press) and "Sa Majeste' La Femme," and in the former shape we have his book before us. The subject, we make bold to say, is not at least. Only the other day they were ex-

hibiting Prof. Flinders Petrie's relice of the first Egyptian dynasties in London and among them was a mummified beauty with a false front and a switch. If only Max O'Reil had gathered together the therp things said of the lovelier sex by his predecessors, or by Frenchmen merely, he would have put together an entertaining if not novel book, but he disdained that course and presents his own philosophic observations Unluckly he does not care to turn his feminine admirers against him, and so blunts the point of his satire and his acquired knowledge by efforts to be polite and fattering at the same time. The result is an impression of superficiality and flippancy even beyond that of his earlier books and the reader cannot help sympathising with the heroines of a good story he tells against

Women' to the students of a large ladies college in North Carolina. A couple of hours before the lecture, three young ladies from the college called on me at the hotel where I was staying. I met them in the parlour. looking girls they were. After looking at each other for some time, so as to suggest up her mind to be spokeswoman of the little deputation. 'We have called on you,' she said, 'to ask if you would be kind enough to change the subject of your lecture to-night Our lecture course is instituted for the instruction and the general improvement of the students, and we thought we should like to hear you talk to us on a subject which you know something about, And Max O'Reil gallantly changed his lecture.

amiable chatter about women, with here and there bits from his experiences in foris a sentimental tale of a young French nun and one of an old French mother, and it is clear that Max prefers French women, as he should by rights. He ventures on maxime too. & la Rochefougauld, like this "As long as it is man who proposes, marriage will be of life are the women." How flat that sounds by the side of "La Perichole:"

"Tes femmes, les femmes, il n'y a que ca. Tant que le monde tournera,

He is much better when he turns back to his "John Bull." whether his observations be just or not. For instance: "Cant an of the British matron. It is she who writes to the papers to demand of the town counof the nude from the picture and sculpture and dinner parties, astonishes the world with the display of her charms. It is she who holds up her hands in hely indignation at the sight of men and women bathing in Continental and American seaside resorts forgetting to observe and to mention that at those places both sexes are dressed exactly alike, in dark, thick serge costumes which invariably have a skirt; and it is she whom you may see on English beaches bathe

n light, clinging, salmon-pink'calico tights. We must confess that we have never seen picture of a Frenchman bathing in a serge bathing suit with a skirt attachment, and we find it hard to believe the "salmon-pink calico tights" Moreover: "If you were to remark before the British matron that the trousers of Mr. So-and-so are always irreroachable, you would run the risk of creating a panic, and the lady might go into a fit. But you may see her watch men's race at athletic sports meetings. For all covering on their skin, the competitors have a thin fiannel Jersey, and drawers of the same material about the size of fig leaves. The British matron looks on, applauds, and does not turn a hair. Her ears are most easily shocked but not her eyes. She objects to the word, not to the thing. In her way she is a realist."

Some remarks on American women may be of interest, though it is clear that Max rather fights shy of the subject and does not say all he could or would like to say.

"Is there any other country where you will find women able to enjoy life without the companionship of men? They have comunderstanding among themselves They will have lunch, dinner parties, where no male guest will be seen, and they will have a grand time. They try to please each other. and an American woman will use as much ocquetry to win a woman as a French woman

"Now I will lay down as a sort of principle that the ' temperance' woman and the teetotaler are not to be found in refined society and I don't think that in saying so I shall run the risk of being contradicted. I have dined in the best houses of the great American cities, and nowhere have I met testotalers in those circles of society.

"The smaller towns of America-and that is America proper-are ruled by fussy, interfering faddists, fanatics, of all sorts, old women of both sexes, shrieking cockatoos that will by-and-by make life intolerable to any man of self-respect, and make him wonder whether he lives in a free country or

For once he breaks away from his subject to talk polities: "My firm conviction, more and more absolute every time that I travel throughout the United States, is that there is very little love to spare in America for the English people. And this state of things will exist as long as the Americans build their patriotism in their successes of 1776 and 1813 against the English, and so long as school books published in America teach American children that the English are the hereditary

foes of their country When he reaches the topic of beauty Max becomes lyrical. He dallies coyly with the merits of blonde and of brunette, but on the question of absolute beauty, trusting to his long experience as a traveller, he comes out flat-footed for the Hungarian women They "are the most beautiful in the world. They have the faces of Madonnas and the figures of Greek statues; both Raphael and Phidias would have chosen them for models, They are not languishing, diaphanous creatures; they are the embodiment of health and strength. They have large eyes and small feet, full arms, plump hands with small tapering fingers and delicious ankles. The inclination of the shoulders is perfect and the osom absolutely classical. No curve is exaggerated, but every one is there, the

of a beautiful rips peach, over her com-plexion." Neverthelees, "the Irish woman is a symphony in white satin," and "the Span-ish woman is very beautiful," though her beauty "does not appeal to the heart or soul as it does to the senses." Fickle Max O'Rell. but ever loquacious and now and then

You remember the dinner given by Mr. You remember the dinner given by Mr. Bungay, the Paternoster Bow publisher, in "Pendennis?" Warrington and Pen. Capt. Shandon and Percy Popjoy, Wenham and Wagg, Miss Passion Flowers Bunion and ex-suicidal poet, Mr. Trotter, Mr. Doolan and other lights of fashion, literature, journalism or the publishers' back shops were there, but we seem to remember Capt. Sumply there, but we seem to remember Capt. Sumph best. Said to have been a friend of Lord Byron. "Aneodotes of Byron formed his staple, and he seldom spoke but with the name of that poet or some of his contemporaries in his mouth, as thus: I remember poor Shelley at school being sent up for good for a copy of verses, every line of which I wrote, by Jove, or I recollect, when I was at Miscoloughi with Byron, offering to bet Gamba." Wall, at the Bungay dinner. where, according to Mr. Wags, one of the taker from Amen Corner whose specialties were funerals and dinners. Capt. Sumph came out strong. "I remember," he began,
"poor Byron, Robhouse, Trelawney and myself dining with Cardinal Messocalde at
Rome, and we had some Orvice wine for dinner which Byron liked very much. And I remember how the Cardinal regretted that he was a single man. We went to Civita Vecchia two days afterward, where Byron's within three weeks, and Byron was very sorry, for he rather liked him." Naturally Mr. Wags said that this was "a devilish interesting story, Sumph, indeed;" and Capt. Shandon wanted to know why Sumph didn's make Fungay's fortune by publishing

volume of reminiscences.

Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson was so full of devilish interesting literary anecdote that wags who had to sit near him at dinner used to make bets that they could shut off his flood of reminiscences, or if the overflo couldn't be checked they would bet as to the time the inundation would take.

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, whose volume on Ralph Waldo Emerson" has just been added o the "Beacon Biographies" (Boston, Small, Maynard & Co.), doesn't use his stores of stories so cruelly. He is soaked in Concord. ent reminiscences of the Concordians, major and minor. He has written in awful tomes body has called "a Muddy Plate." but he has also written the life of his homicidal in a spres of rhetoric, "glorified the gallows as Christ did the cross," and be has a cudgel for all the people who had the misfortune to be disliked by the fanatical disunionists of the Garrison-Phillips gang, Naturally enough, Mr. Sanborn is a prophet among New England auti-imperialists. These are a pretty fair replica, in the matter of sizzling and scolding, but not of intelligence, of the disunion abolitionists, the fellows who were willing to "build a bridge of gold" for the Southern States to pass out of the Union on nce a prominent Boston Democrat, "who afterward distinguished himself as a slave-That is, Mr. Hallett, as a United States Commissioner, obeyed the Fugitive Slave law. So Wendell Phillips, ten or twelve Gen. Charles Devens, who had fought as stoutly for the Union as Phillips had talked against it, as "the slave catcher." Devens, as a United States Marshal, arrested a fugitive slave, whom, we believe, he afterward bought and freed. As befits a worshipper of John Brown, Mr. Sanborn has to growl at everybody who omitted to be an abol tionist, and at Harvard College because its dons were Union men. We don't in the least

They make him interesting At times he is nearly as "good" as Col Chomas Wentworth Higginson was when he shook his head sadly over the degeneracy of Mr. Edmund Quincy, that polished old Bostonian swell, who went out of the referm business when the Anti-Slavery Society shut up shop and amused his declining years y being a "first-nighter" at the theatres. The Rigginsonian-Sanbornian theory is that it is the chief duty of man to mind the busines of his fellow man. Once a crank, always a orank.

Considering the number of cranks by whon he was surrounded, Emerson got off easily He was always soner than his devotees. There is no especial call for a biography of him The world's concern in him is, or should be, limited to his books. Mr. J. Elliot Cabot's memoir is too long; whether or not "his appreciation of Emerson lacks some elements o perception, and his expression is often colder than his own feelings" Mr. Sanbern's feeling is warm enough. "No writer known to me, says, "save Shakespeare-not even Homer or Goethe-had this inimitable mark of versatile mind. With the delicacy of Virgil and the oracular grace of Simonides, Emerson had also the plain sense of Montaigne and the lefty eloquence of Bacon. . . Sanctity and humor; visions of the mystic and a common sense like that of Socrates and Franklin-between these extremes, and with a thousand saliences in every direction occessible to man, lay this broad, smiling friendly intelligence." Again: "With the oulk and dramatic quality of Goethe's work there is no comparison; but, if quality and range are alone considered Emerson will be found to have continued Goethe in a later age, and with a manier and more moral

The more moral tone is more apparen than the continuation. These beauties of transcendental criticism are a little surprising. It seems that Emerson had a sative and absolute superiority such as Washington had; also an "instinctive pruience" like Washington's. He also resembled

"Miss Emerson said: 'Father, I am glad rou never wore a beard' (as Thoreau did in old bards affected, or even the waxed mustache or soft side-whiskers of French and English poetry, he would have been earlier recognized as a poet for the people, is a profound observation, worthy of Prof. Oscar L. Triggs of the Chicago University But was Mr. Emerson a poet for the people That is a distinction which belongs to Mr. Riley and Mrs. Wilcox. And would the Concord poet have touched the hearts of his countrymen more quickly if he had had more hair on his face? He had a commanding nose and a good eye: and a smile that ought to have melted his orthodox opponents. He was of a good height and he looked like an inspired Yankee in go-to-meeting clothes. Anybody who remembers the portraits in Duyckinch's "Cyclopædia of American Literature" or Dr. E. E Hale's "James Russell Lowell and his Friends" will shudder at the thought of Emerson with a beard. What a forest of whisker and ocean of embroidered waistcoat waved and roared among the American authors in the '40s! How did Mr. Lowell escape being burned at the stake? and that spruce Mr. Longfellow with the sandy side-whiskers-Lord! Lord! how grateful we ought to be that he came to be the Longfellow of the reverend beard, a fine figure of an antique poet. The elder Henry James seems to have

thought that Emerson talked like Poor Poll. In Mr. James's opinion, if our memory holds its seat, talking to Emerson was like talking to any old woman in a horse car. There is no reason why a great writer should waste his resources and diminish the value of his copyright size in the right place. The sun has rights by brilliant free conversation. But Mr.



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Publishers.

Sanborn shows his hero as even a witty talkert "Once, in describing to me an offensive being from whom he had received much annoyance he said, 'Did you never see him?' He was an ill-looking person. When he was young he fell into the fire, and some body was mis-

an old friend, Prof. "Fanny" Bowen, ap-pears in Mr. Sanborn's pages as a bad judge of poetry because in the North American Review he had not been kind to Emerson and other rising or risen poets and because he told Longfellow that Bulwer's "New Timon" was "the greatest poem that has appeared for fifty years." But "Fanny's" judgment in literary matters was at least as good as that of Emerson, who called Pos "the jingle man, "Irving "only a word catcher" Carlyle a volume of Webster's speeches, including the Reply to Hayne, and "Observations on the Growth of the Mind," by Sampson Reed, "my Swedenborgian drug-gist." So Tolstoi finds Rosea Ballou the greatest American; and Mr. Whittier seems to have thought that William Allingham was the greatest English poet of the nine-

teenth century. Everybody to his taste and every genius to its peculiarities. Speaking of the latter Mr. Sanborn quotes from Ellery Channing the assertion that Thoreau's handwriting could hardly be sold from Emerson's. "Another point of resemblance," says Mr. Channing, "in my walks with Emerson (not less that a thousand) I seldom heard him mention any person by name; he had singular titles for Thoreau and others, avoiding their personal appellation. Thereau had much the same habit, nor did be usually reply directly to any observation or question of mine, but went on with original remarks of his own. It has always seemed to us that a good deal Thoreau's originality consisted of his

talent for borrowing. In 1826 Emerson went South and gained the knowledge, as he told Mr. Sanborn, "that fleas exist and will abide with the most scrupulous Bostonians, in warm latitudes, In Florida, to his great chagrin, he found himself flea-bitten, and concealed the humilating fact, for he had never known before that this unpleasant insect attacked the well bred. The New England branch of the Anti-Imperialist League was yet to come,

Military Hygiene.

Extremely valuable is the book just comleted by Capt. Edward L. Munson, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., entitled "The Theory and Practice of Military Hygiene" (William Wood & Co), wherein are set forth the details of practically every subject connected with the sanitary problems peculiar to the military service. It is the first work of its kind published in English in more than thirty years. Since its predecessor appeared, not only have some of the greatest wars of history occurred, but tremendous advances have been his later portraits) 'I had none to wear,' was made in every branch of hygiene and sanithe quiet answer. Had Emerson worn that tation. The new volume thus embodies waving or curling poetic beard which the tice and of the military experience of a very active period. It confines its treatment closely to military matters, in this differing from the usual medical work, and is intended to be strictly a reference book for military medical and line officers. It will be of use, however, to physicans in general, especially to those connected with health boards; and non-medical persons interested in hospitals and in Red Cross work will find that their study of the book has not been

The book comprises some twenty-one chapters, dealing with the selection and development of the recruit; marching, water, food and clothing, camps, sanitation, per manent posts, barracks, camp and post hygiene, diseases of soldiers, the hygiene of hot and cold climates, the hygiene of the troopship, and the disposal of the dead, In discussing the training of the soldier,

Capt. Munson dwells on the importance of systematic exercise. It will appear strange at first to find him insist that drill and the manual of arms do not tend to develop soldier properly; they strengthen certain muscles at the expense of others, and without systematic gymnastics tend to distort him more or less. Capt. Munson urges regular gymnastics, in a properly equipped gymnasium; where these centot be had, he commends the "setting-up exercises," seventeen in number, laid down in the drill regulations and Capt. Butte's system, followed at some posts. Foreign armies have taken up gymnastic training for soldiers, Ger-

Continued on Bighth Page.

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